

BATMAN  
No. 23

JUNE...JULY  
TEN CENTS



# BATMAN



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\*Because the War Production Board has ordered a reduction in the size of paper, MORE FUN and ADVENTURE will be published bi-monthly; ALL-FLASH, ALL-STAR, COMICS, WONDER WOMAN and MUTT & JEFF will become quarterly; ALL-AMERICAN COMICS will be published only eight issues a year, and PICTURE STORIES FROM THE BIBLE will take a year for the duration.

"AGAIN, THE MEN,  
WOMEN AND CHILDREN OF  
AMERICA ARE BEING  
CALLED TO FIGHT  
FOR FREEDOM AND  
DEMOCRACY!"

"OUR ENEMIES THINK  
I'M JUST A STATUE OF  
COLD DEAD METAL!"

"...BUT YOU KNOW I AM  
THE SPIRIT OF AMERICA  
IN ALL OF YOU—WORKING,  
FIGHTING, SACRIFICING...  
THAT LIBERTY MAY  
LIVE FOREVER!"



**BUY MORE  
WAR BONDS  
and STAMPS**

# BATMAN

## ROBIN



A WORLD GONE MAD! A CITY TURNED UPSIDE-DOWN TO SPILL ITS WEALTH INTO THE LAP OF THAT DEVILISH DEALER IN DEADLY JESTS—  
THE JOKER! BATMAN AND ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER, MATCH THEIR  
WITS AND STEEL-TAUT MUSCLES AGAINST THE DIABOLICAL  
CONTROlLERY OF THE FEARSOME FAIR IN A MAD, BRAIN-  
TELLING ADVENTURE STAGED IN A SETTING THAT DEFIES  
THE LAWS OF GRAVITY! HERE IT IS—THE STRANGE TALE  
OF HOW BATMAN BATTLES AGAINST EVIL IN A CITY  
TURNED TOPSY-TURVY BY THE...  
**CRIMES! CRIMES!**  
**THE UPSIDE DOWN!**

DOWN THE AVENUE OF ANIETH STEADS THAT MADMASTER OF ANIETH—THE JOKER?

HERE YAKS FOOLIN' STEP INSIDE AND FORGET YOUR CAREET IT'S ALWAYS FUN TO BE POOLED...

FUN! FOOLIN' IN THAT GUY'S STEALING MY LINE? HAT HAT LET'S SEE IF HE CAN MAKE ME LAUGH?



INTO THE JUICY HOUSE WALKS  
THE FABULOUS FUNSTER...

HAT HAT  
HUGHTY  
FUNNY  
HAT HAT



LOOKS LIKE THE  
BARRELS ROLLING  
ME OUT I HATHAT



STAGGERING DIZZILY OUT OF  
THE ROTATING "BARREL OF FUN",  
THE JOKER FINDS HIMSELF  
IN A WEIRD NEW WORLD...



REGARDING HIS MENTAL  
BALANCE, THE LAUGHING  
LAW BREAKER REALIZES  
THAT HE IS IN THE MOST  
BIZARRE OF ALL FUN  
SPOTS -- THE UPSIDE-DOWN  
ROOM!

HAT HAT THAT JOKE  
NEARLY STOOD ME  
ON MY EAR! NOT BAD  
FOR AMATEURS!



AND THE NEXT DAY, GOTHAM  
CITY VIEWS THE  
FIRST OF THE  
UPSIDE-DOWN CRIMES...

ALREADY  
THE  
EVIL  
BRAIN  
OF  
THE  
CRIME  
CLOWN  
IS  
HATCHING  
NEW  
PLOTS  
INSPIRED  
BY HIS  
UPSIDE-  
DOWN  
ADVENTURE...

OH  
LOOK  
AT THE  
CLOSET  
THEY'RE  
SO  
FUNNY!

HOT HOT YOU THINK  
ANYTHING UPSIDE-  
DOWN IS FUNNY?  
BUT IT'S EVEN MORE  
A BRILLIANT IDEA!  
I'LL SOON HAVE  
EVERYONE IN GOTHAM  
CITY STANDING ON  
HIS HEADS!



STOP THEM!  
STOP  
THEM!  
THAT'S THE  
FIFTH CAR  
THEY'VE  
TURNED  
UPSIDE-  
DOWN!

NOW, WHY WOULD  
THE JOKER WANT  
TO TURN OVER  
A CAR?

DON'T  
ASK ME!  
ASK THE  
JOKER!





AND THE HARLEQUIN OF  
CELESTES MAD "UPSIDE-  
DOWN" FEARKS CONTINUE...

MOODSEN  
ART SURE  
IS CRAZY!

HAT HAT  
MINE IS  
THE GREATEST  
ART OF ALL!

BOY, YOU  
HAVE TO STAND  
ON YOUR HEAD  
TO SEE THIS  
EXHIBIT!

THE BRAIN-WHIRLING FEARKS ARE  
CLIMAXED BY A CRYPTIC  
MESSAGE SMOKE-SCRAWLED  
ACROSS THE SKY!



MEANWHILE, IN THE CRIME  
KING'S HIDEOUT...

THIS  
IS FUN,  
BOSS,  
BUT  
WHAT'S  
THE  
IDEA?

YEAH,  
BOSS?  
WHAT'EVE  
WE  
GETTIN'  
OUT OF  
THESE  
CRAZY  
TRICKS?

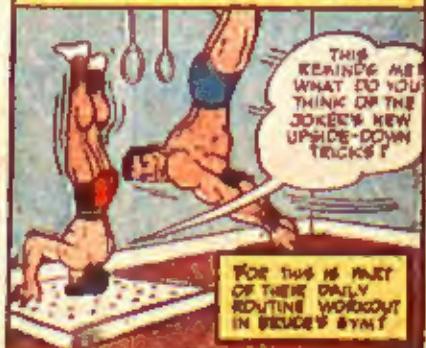
SILENCE,  
YOU POOLS!  
THE JOKER  
ALWAYS  
PUTS A  
SPINDL  
INTO HIS JESTS;  
TONIGHT,  
WE FULL  
OUR FIRST  
JOB!

Rakoj

HERE, SNIFES. YOU  
TAKE THIS MESSAGE  
TO POLICE HEAD-  
QUARTERS! HATHAS  
WILL BATMAN BE  
FIZZY WHEN I GET  
THROUGH WITH HIM?



IN ANOTHER PART OF GOTHAM CITY...  
TWO LITTLE-LIMBED YOUNG MEN, BRUCE  
WAYNE, AND HIS WARD, DICK GRAYSON,  
ARE IN A STRANGE POSITION---UPSIDE-DOWN!



# BATMAN COMICS



A QUICK CHANGE OF BASEMENTS, AND MOMENTS LATER TWO MANTLED FIGURES SPEED TO AN UNDERGROUND HANGAR-- BATMAN, AND ROBIN, THE BOY WONDER!



THIS MESSAGE FOR YOU JUST CAME FROM THE JOKER, BATMAN! WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT?

HMM... "A CHALLENGE TO BATMAN?" WILL STRIKE THIS MORNING, IN LEEGAR'S BASEMENT! SIGNED, THE JOKER!



# BATMAN COMICS

GLOAKS UNPURLED BEHIND THEM, THE DYNAMIC DUO STEERED TOWARD THEIR PLANE...

"RIGHT, ROBIN! AND SINCE THE JOKER'S DOING EVERYTHING UPSIDE-DOWN, HIS MESSAGE MEANS NIGHT INSTEAD OF MORNING, AND PLEASANT INSTEAD OF AGGRAVEMENT! COME ON --- WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO!"

AND AT THAT VERY INSTANT... THE HISP ON SLEEPING VAPORS FROM THE JOKER'S GAS GUN...

HAT HAT PLEASANT DREAMS MY FRIENDS! WHILE YOU SLEEP, I SHALL WORK!

AND SWIFTLY, QUIETLY, HE WORKS WITHIN THE SILENCED ROOM...

WHAT'S THIS? A PROBLEM THEY ENBEDDED IN THE BASE OF EACH SAUCER?

NOW TO RE-PLACE THE GLASS WITH MY GLASS SUBSTITUTES! THE FOOLS WILL THINK THIS WAS JUST ANOTHER UPSIDE-DOWN PRANK! HAT HAT HERB COMES BATMAN -- JUST A LITTLE TOO LATE!

LIKE STEADFAST METEORS, THE CLOAKED DEFENDERS OF JUSTICE HURL THEMSELVES AT THE JOKER'S HIRELINGS...

HUGS MEET MATEY BO-TOWNS UP!



LIKE AN AVENGING FURY, BATMAN LEAPS FOR THE VANISHING JOKER...



THIS IS FUN, BOSSY BUT I STILL DON'T GET IT!

HAT HAT YOU'LL GET PLENTY VERY SOON!

# BATMAN COMICS





HIGH ABOVE A SLEEPING CITY, TWO MEN STRUGGLE SILENTLY...





THUS BEGINS THE COOLEST BATTLE IN HISTORY... JUSTICE AGAINST EVIL... KEEN WITS AGAINST TRICKERY... WHILE TWO MEN HANG SUSPENDED...



DESPERATELY, BATMAN SWINGS FORWARD...



TWO BODIES SWAY MADLY IN A DIZZY DANCE OF DEATH...



THE STARS THE CHARLES RIVER  
PROJECT BATMAN II AND  
THE DAWN THE MAGNETIC EYE



## CONTROLLING THE POWERFUL MAGNETIC PULSE



WOODS  
RAINS  
WINDS  
LEAVES  
ETC.

THE FARMERS  
EAST BUT  
TRENTON  
TAKEN  
TAKEN  
TAKEN  
TAKEN  
TAKEN  
TAKEN  
TAKEN  
TAKEN  
TAKEN



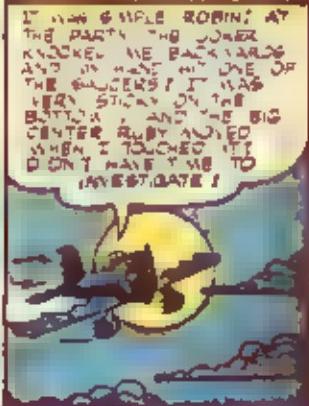
BUT I REALIZED THE  
JEWELRY HAD CUT OUT  
THE JEWELS AND  
USING PLAIN RUBBER  
CEMENT REPAIRED  
THEM IN THE EARRINGS;  
NEVER SUSPECTED THAT  
THAT MADMAN

WE'LL LEAVE THE  
FURNITURE & SO  
ON AND LOOKED  
AT HOME. HE CAN  
GET OUT OF THE  
STEEPLE EASILY.  
THE POLICE WOULD  
PUT THEM UP  
WHEN WE RETURN  
THESE GEMS!



卷之三

**AGAINST THE NEWLY RISEN  
AUGUST 1900 THE 100000 BORPLOM  
TAKES FORM ONCE AGAIN**



AT COMMISIONER,  
WORCESTER OFFICE  
THE DEPARTMENT  
OF COMMERCE

WHEN I WAS AT THE  
JONES'S MINEOUT  
JUST AS I REACHED  
BED CONSCIOUSNESS  
I SAW MAN SLEEP TH  
GEM IN UNDER A LOG  
FLOOR BOARD! AND  
HERE THEY ARE!

BATMAN,  
I AM  
MUCH  
GRATEFUL  
TO YOU.  
THESE  
STONES  
ARE PRECIOUS.

THE  
MESSAGE  
THE  
SAY  
BATPLANE  
C.R. MEYER  
C.R. D.  
JOKER'S  
HANG OUT  
BUT THE  
JOKER  
HT AND HIS  
MEN HAD  
ALL  
CLEARED  
OUT!

POET & REPORTER  
ABOUT THAT.  
IT WAS AND  
NEAR THE COOKIN'  
HAND? HE ALREADY  
HAVE USED IT  
TO BURN OFF  
HIS HAIR  
AND THEY  
BLURRED THROUGH  
THE JACK IN  
THE STEEL DOOR  
A LEAN AT  
AN EXPECT TO  
HEAR FROM  
H.W. SOON!

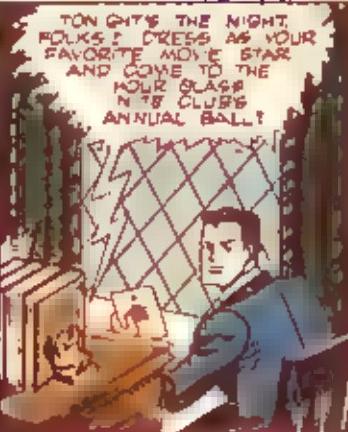
# BATMAN COMICS

DATE PASH... THEN ONCE AGAIN, A CRYPTIC MESSAGE FROM THE MAD MERRYMAKER!

BOY! THE JOKER IS GETTING POETIC! DO YOU THINK HE'S PLANNIN' TO PULL A JOB AT THE BEACH CLUB?

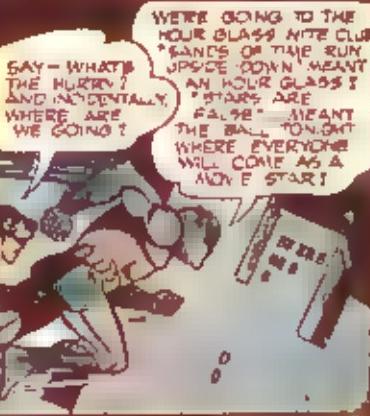
NOPES! IT WON'T BE AS SIMPLE AS ALL THAT!

TONIGHT'S THE NIGHT, FOLKS! DRESS AS YOUR FAVORITE MOVIE STAR AND COME TO THE HOUR GLASS IN THE CLUBS ANNUAL BALL!



AW, GEE! IT'S STRAWBERRY, TOO! I WOULD GET THAT JOKER... SPOILING MY DESSERTS!

ONCE MORE LIKE SILENT SHADOWS OF THE NIGHT BATMAN AND ROBIN RACE SWIFTLY THROUGH THE DARKENED CITY STREETS.



AT THE HOUR GLASS, WHERE SOCIETY'S ELITE COME COSTUMED AS "STARS FOR A NIGHT!"

MISS GARBO, MAY I HAVE THIS DANCE?

NO, FLAT FEET I WISH TO BE ALONE!

A GALAXY OF MAKE-BELIEVE MOVIE FOLK REVEL IN DANCE AND MERRIMENT...

WHILE A MORE SINISTER MANTLED FIGURE LURKS QUIETLY IN A SECLUDED CORNER...

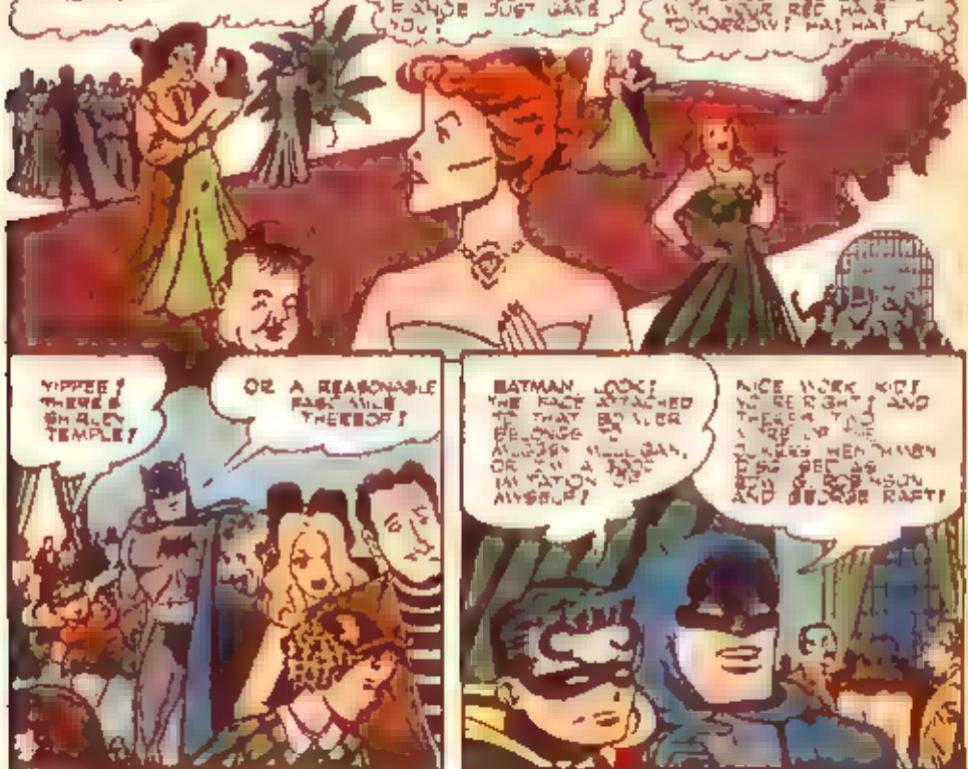
HAS FOOLISH DANCE WHILE YOU WAIT AT MIDNIGHT, FATE'S WORKERS WILL WREAK HAVOC AMONG YOU!

# BATMAN COMICS

YOU GABBO ALAB HIRE  
VAN SPEED LUN CHA LOSE  
THAT HE COOM DEE  
THAT FLASHES AT YOUR  
THROAT?

AND YOU LA HEPBURN  
PETER MAJIN AF  
KAN WIS ON  
W VVS THAT  
PRETTY RUBY TONE  
FADDE JUST DANE  
YOU

HAT HAT AND THERE'S A BOO  
BATMAN COOL JUNGLE LP 26  
THE EAR SINGER ROGERS  
COO BABY THAT E GRAB  
NECKLACE W BE GONE  
W HAD AREE HAD  
TODDIE HAT HAT



YIPPEE!  
THEY  
SH ALLY  
TEMPLET!

OR A REASONABLE  
FACE WITH  
THEIR OFF?

BATMAN LOOK!  
THE FACE ATTACHED  
TO THAT BAILER  
HE LONGS  
MAGNETIC MIND  
OR IS IT A DOG  
IN TATION  
ALIYSELF?

NICE WORK KIDS  
TO REERIGHTS AND  
TREAS TO  
CLAWING MEN MARCH  
BECO SEE ME  
AND DECIDE RAFT!

JUDENLY...  
W THOUT  
WARNING...  
THE L  
IS THE DUN  
IT'S  
DARLINGH!!

... AND AN EERIE VOICE TALKS INTO THE DARK  
AS A SUDDEN BLAST OF WIND SWEEPS THROUGH THE  
ROOM, TURNING IT TOPSY TURVY

HAT HAT HAS THE  
HOUR HAS SUR CKY!  
NOW RATE LEADS  
THE CANCER AND  
THE G-DADS TURNS  
UPG DE DOWN TO  
OF TS PRECIOUS  
GRAINS INTO MY  
HANDS!

HELP!  
T-EE-EA  
SWEETING  
CHOK TO  
WE...OHNN!

I CAN  
BREATHE...

... AND WE DO  
IN SHOCKING  
WORLD'S ABOUT  
THE RECENT  
BLUES...

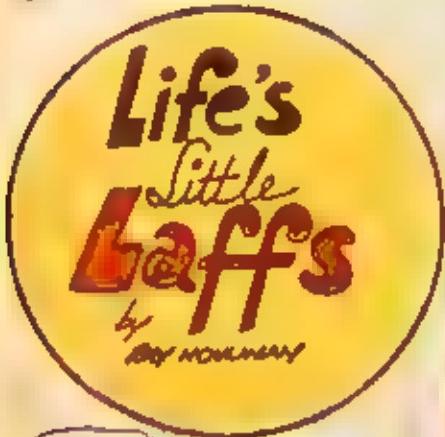


# BATMAN COMICS

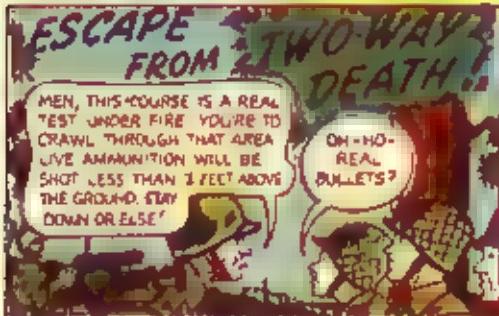


BATMAN COMICS





# ADVENTURES OF "D.C." AND QUICKIE



# BAT-MAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**

THE BOY WONDER

ADVENTURE IS HIS DAILY ROUTINE. MENACE IS THE CHALLENGE THAT LURES HIM TO DAZZLING ACTION. PERIL IS THE SPICE THAT GUARANTEES TWO GUYS WILL SEE THE RECKLESS, ROLLING ROBIN TAKE THEM ALL IN STRIDE. FIGHT NO BIAS IN THE BATTLE NO BATMAN TO MAKE THE WORLD SAFE FOR DECENT PEOPLE. BUT NOW A NEW INGREDIENT IS ADDED TO THE MIXTURE - ROMANCE -- AND THE RESULT IS GUARANTEED TO BE ONE AS THE BOY WONDER PARTS ALONG. PREVIOUS PATHS OF DANGER, DARING, DEATH, ROBIN JANUSTED GUNS TO RESCUE A LITTLE LITTLE.

"DAMSEL IN DISTRESS!"



YOU'VE SEEN HIM BEFORE  
AND YOU'LL SEE HIM AGAIN—  
THE MIGHTY BATMAN'S DARING  
YOUNG COMRADE IN  
COMBAT ROBIN

HERE WE GO!

THE GENE  
GENKIN

HOW'M I  
DOING, BATMAN?

HOG  
TIANING,  
PEELAT

U.S.

A PERFECT FIGHTING TEAM. THESE  
TWO JEARED TO SPLIT-SECOND  
PREPS ON IT.

LUCKY WE  
HAPPENED  
ALONG JUST AS  
BUGS CONKLIN  
DECIDED TO ROB  
THAT STORE  
EH ROBIN?

LUCKY,  
YES—  
BUT NOT  
FOR  
BUGS

BUGS CONKLIN UNDERWORLD  
X NODIN VALUES H.E. ELK  
EVEN ABOVE ILLGOTTEN JACKETS.

WE CAN'T LICK  
THE BATMAN  
AND ROBIN!  
POLEST THE SWAG,  
AND LET'S  
SCREAM!

I DIDN'T EXPECT  
THEM TO  
START RUNNING  
SO SOON--BUT HERE  
COME THE  
POLICE!

TOO LATE!  
THE RATS  
ARE LEAD NO  
THE EXIT  
BUT THEY'RE  
GETTING NO  
AWAYS!

IF OWNIN'  
WE HAD  
THE  
BATMOBILE  
HANDY!

BUT WE  
HAVEN'T BUGS  
IS A CUNNING  
AND DANGEROUS  
CRIMINAL AND  
I HAVE A  
NUNCH THE  
LAW WON'T GET  
HIM THIS TIME

BUT WE'LL GET  
HIM. IT TAKES  
FROM NOW TILL  
OUR WHISKERS  
ARE A FOOT  
LONG EH ROBIN?

HERE'S  
MY HAND  
ON IT!

SO MUCH FOR THE LAUGHING LAD, WHO THROWS ON HIGH ADVENTURE - BUT WE MUSTN'T FORGET THAT ROBIN IS HUMAN, EVEN AS YOU AND I!

WAKE UP,  
DICK! IT'S  
HALF PAST  
SEVEN!

HUH?...  
SO SOON?  
SEEMS AS IF  
I JUST  
HIT THE HAY!

LIKE SOME MILLIONS OF OTHER AMERICAN YOUNGSTERS HE MUST PUT SCHOOL AHEAD OF ALL OTHER BUSINESS.

LEADING A DOUBLE LIFE IS TOUGH BUT BUT YOU KNOW OUR BARWAIN - IF YOU DON'T GET GOOD MARKS IN SCHOOL YOU DON'T GO CROOK CHASING!

HO-HUM! IT'S TOUGH SOMETIMES!

BRUCE - BUT IT'S WORTH IT!

AND IF ROMANCE SOMETIMES INTRODUCES EVEN IN THE MIDDLE OF LESSONS WELL, THAT'S HUMAN ENOUGH, ISN'T IT?



MARJORIE, WILL YOU TRANSLATE THIS LATIN PLEASE?

IT MEANS "TO THE STARS THROUGH DIFFICULTIES!"

WHEN CLASSES ARE DISMISSED,



MAY I CARRY YOUR BOOKS AGAIN, MARJORIE?

WHAT A SILLY QUESTION, DICK GRAYSON! YOU KNOW I'D FEEL AWFUL IF YOU DIDN'T!

DICK'S GOT A GIRL!  
DICK'S GOT A GIRL!

I'M GLAD YOU'RE TOO MUCH OF A GENTLEMAN TO GET MAD AT THOSE BOYS FOR TEASING YOU!

OH, THEY'RE JUST TOO YOUNG TO UNDERSTAND WHAT LIFE IS ALL ABOUT!

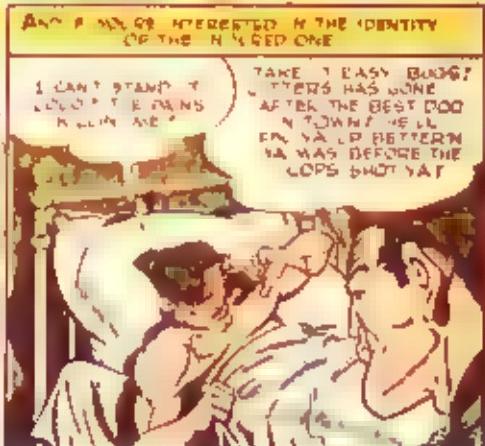
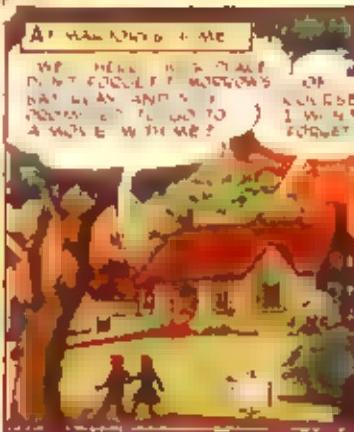
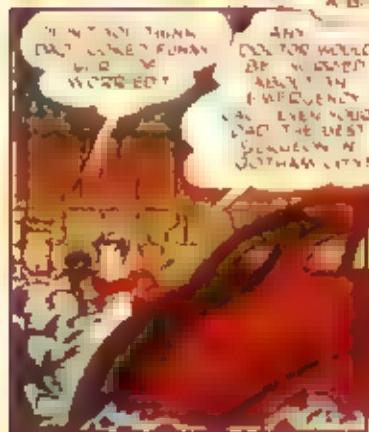
EVER SINCE THE WORLD BEGAN BOYS HAVE BEEN CRUSHING THE GIRLS TO ACCESS THEIR BEST OLD AND DICK IS NO EXCEPTION!

WONDERFUL! BUT AREN'T YOU AFRAID YOU'LL HURT YOURSELF?

NOW LOOK WHO'S ASKING BILLY QUESTIONS?

DICK? HOW DELIGHTFULLY TERRIBLE!







# BATMAN COMICS

THE FOLLOWING DAY AT THE WAYNE HOME .

WHAT THST ARE  
YOU AFTER THE  
TITLE DE BEST  
DOE-FEED YOUNG  
MAN DE HAVE  
YOU FALLEN IN  
LOVE?

LOVE! WHATEVER  
YOU CALL IT, THAT  
FOOLISH NOTION!

FOOLISH OR  
NOT, I'D BET  
ON IT!

ALL DRESSED UP - AND IT BURNS  
TO LOOK AS IF DICK HAD GOING  
ANYWHERE?

WHY NO MISTER  
DICK - I HAVE NO  
IDEA WHERE MISS  
MARJORIE IS, BUT  
THE DOCTOR MIGHT  
KNOW.

MAYBE I'D  
BETTER SEE  
HMF WE  
HAD AN  
IMPORTANT  
ENGAGEMENT.

OH HELLO DICK!  
MEET ER RITTERS  
MY NEW  
ASSISTANT!

H KIEF ME AM  
DA DOC IS GETTIN'  
REALLY TA LEAVE  
SO DONT HANG  
AROUND!

UM HELLO . . .

ONE OF  
BUGS  
GANSTERS!

DIDNT MARJORIE  
TELL YOU SHE WAS  
GOING TO SIT  
HER AUNT MARGA  
FOR A FEW DAYS?

WHY NO?  
SHE NEVER  
MENTIONED  
ANY AUNT  
MARGA!

IT JUST  
SHOWS YA  
CAN'T  
DEPEND  
ON GALS!

WAITE NOW  
THAT YOU'RE  
HERE I  
MIGHT AS WELL  
GIVE YOU THAT  
PRESCRIPTION  
FOR YOUR COLOR!

COLD? . . .  
WHY --  
UH-HA!  
ON YER?  
(COUGH)  
(COUGH)

IT DON'T  
SOUND  
IKE MUCH!

I'LL JUST MAKE  
SURE YA DON'T  
HAVE ANY HIS-  
TAKES DAT  
MIGHT BE  
FATAL DOC!

YOU CAN SEE  
FOR YOURSELF  
IT'S A SIMPLE  
PREPARATION  
FOR A EARNIN'  
UP TROUBLE  
DE THIS  
SORTY!

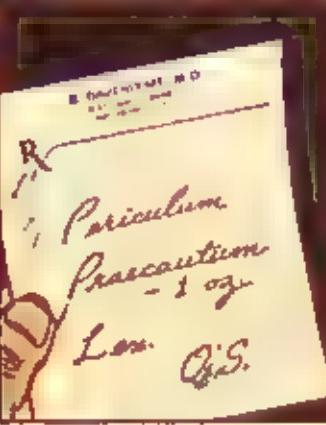
TRROUBLE  
DE EIGHT --  
AND  
SOMENOW  
MARJORIE  
IS MIXED  
UP IN IT

OUTSIDE AGAIN

THAT THUG IS STANDING GUARD OVER THE DOCTOR! HE KNOWS I HAVE NO GOLD SO THIS PRESCRIPTION MUST BE A MESSAGE.

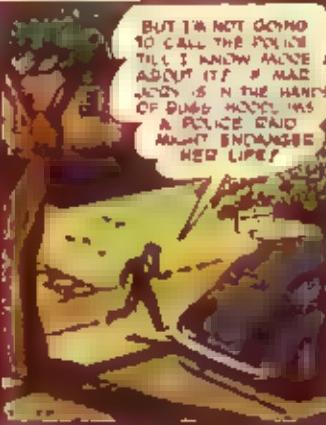


WHAT HE MEANS IS "DANGER! USE AN ELEMENT OF CAUTION!" CALL THE CODE — AND MAKE SURE THERE ARE ENOUGH! IT'S A PRESCRIPTION FOR TROUBLE ALL EIGHT — AND I'M GOING TO FILL IT!



DID'S SCHOOLING PAYS A DIVIDEND

THESE ARE LATIN WORDS BUT THEY'RE NOT THE NAMES OF MEDICINE PERICULUM MEANS "DANGER" PRÆCAUTUM MEANS "CAUTION" LOR. IS "LAW" — AND Q.S. MEANS QUANTITATE OR AS MUCH AS NECESSARY!"



BUT I'M NOT GOING TO CALL THE POLICE TILL I KNOW MORE ABOUT IT! A MAD JACK IS IN THE HANDS OF DUDE MOOD, WHO IS A POLICE OFFICER AND MIGHT ENDANGER HER LIFE!



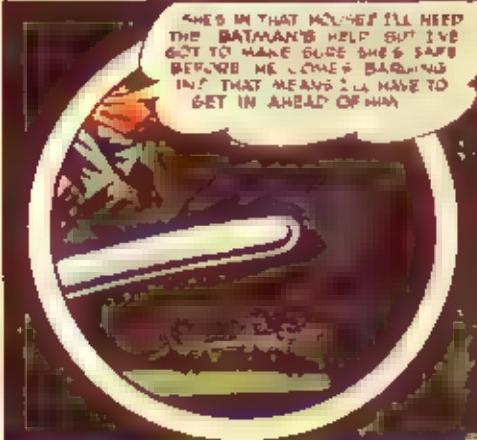
IF THEY ME MUST SEE I'LL MAKE THEM WISH THEY'D NEVER BEEN BOUGHT!

A SWIFT DRIVE ACROSS THE CITY — AND AS THE CAR FINALLY COMES TO A HALT THE COURAGEOUS BOY PEERS FROM HIS HIDING PLACE.



DON'T FORGET, DOL — TRY TO PULL A FAST ONE AN BOTH YOU AND YER DAUGHTER GET IT IN DA MAIL!

SHE'S IN THAT MOWER! I'LL NEED BATMAN'S HELP BUT I'VE GOT TO MAKE SURE SHE'S SAFE BEFORE HE COMES BARRELING IN! THAT MEANS I'LL HAVE TO GET IN AHEAD OF HIM!

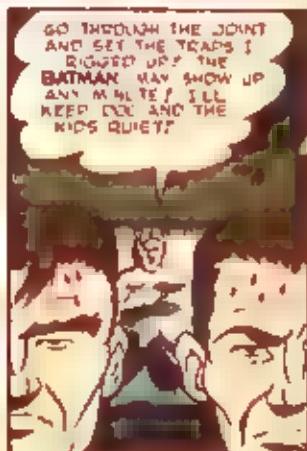


DICK'S KEEN BRAIN FORGES A DARING PLAN . . .

THIS WILL  
DO HOW  
MUCH IS IT?THAT'S THE VERY BEST  
WE HAVE IN STOCK -  
IT WILL BE A DOLLAR  
AND A QUARTER!

OK!

# BATMAN COMICS



CUPPING AND TREACHEROUS DEVICES ARE SET...

THE BATMAN  
WILL BE SORRY  
HE EVER TANDED  
ME IN. BEFORE  
HE'S THROUGH?

AT THAT MOMENT AN OLD, GRIMY CAR DISCHARGES A LITTLE VIVID FIGURE AT THE CORNER - THE BATMAN!

THERE'S NOT AN INSTANT TO LOSE! BUGS IS MERDELY! MY BEST CHANCE IS TO ATTACK SO FAST HE WON'T KNOW WHAT HIT HIM!

WHAT A SKULL-  
COLLAHER HUM  
LOLZ? BUGS A  
GENIUS!

SECOND OF LATER...

IN ABOUT A  
SECOND HE'LL  
BE OUT-COLD!

LIVE  
OPPORTUNITY  
I KNOW  
JUST ONE -  
BUT HARDY

YAAAAA  
HE'S  
IN?

AND AS THE BATMAN'S FOOT TOUCHED A  
HIDDEN BUTTON

YOU'RE  
ALL  
WASHED  
UP -  
OOOOOONH

WAS I  
RIGHT,  
OR  
WAS I  
WRONG?

TAKE A  
DANCER BUGS - WE  
GOT A  
PRESENT  
FOR YA!

THE  
BATMAN  
IS  
SO  
WORRIES  
ARE  
OVER!

I DIDN'T  
COUNT ON  
THAT.  
NOW IT'S  
UP TO ME  
AND I  
DON'T CARE  
THAT WHAT  
WILL HAPPEN  
IF I FAIL!

WHAT A BREAK! WHEN  
THE BATMAN COMES TO  
ME DOWN, FLIT HIM OUT  
AGAIN - FOR KEEPS!

OH ROBIN -  
IT'S WORSE  
THAN THE  
WORST  
MIGHTLADE  
I EVER HAD!  
I CAN'T  
LET YOU DO  
SOMETHIN'!

FOR YOU,  
MARJORIE I  
CAN DO ANY-  
THING!  
THAT IS - I  
MEAN FOR  
YOU AND MY  
FRIEND, DICKIE  
TO SAY  
NOTHNG OF  
THE BATMAN!



HERE IS ROBIN SOMETHING  
HOLY - FOR AS HIS FINGERS  
CURLS THE OBJECT HE  
BOUGHT IN THE HARDWARE  
STORE SLICES THROUGH  
THE HEAVY LEATHER OF  
HIS GLOVE !



A TINY SECTION OF  
HACKSAW BLADE RAZOR-  
SHARP IS TURNED  
AGAINST THE ROPES THAT  
HOLD HIM POWERLESS



AS THE MISTS OF INSANITY LEFT  
FROM HIS BRAIN, THE BATMAN LOOKS  
DEATH IN THE FACE - NOT FOR THE FIRST  
TIME !

I'M WOUNDED AND I'M  
SICK - BUT I'M A  
BETTER MAN THAN  
YOU ARE BATMAN !  
YOU'VE DRAWN ME  
YOUR LAST BREATH  
RIGHT NOW !



BY KILLING ME,  
BUZZ, YOU'RE  
DRAWING YOURSELF  
ONE OF THESE DAYS THE  
ELECTRIC CHAIR  
WILL CATCH UP  
WITH YOU !

EVEN AS THE KILLER'S TRIGGER FINGER TROTTERS  
& SMALL BUT ADILE BODY MOVES WITH FLENTIC  
SPEED - AND

WHILE THEY'RE DUSTING OFF  
THE ELECTRIC CHAIR THIS  
ONE WILL HAVE TO DO !



SUCH CRASH OUT WILDLY AS THE ARCH-CRIMINAL'S  
HENCHMEN FIGHT DESPERATELY .

YA AINT GETTIN  
AWAY WITH IT !



THEN YOU AIN'T  
BATTER IMPROVE IN  
A HURRY !



THIS WON'T KILL  
YOU - BUT YOU'LL  
BE AS LOCO AS  
DEAD FOR QUITE  
A WHILE !



YES - BUT WE HAD  
YOU PICKED OUT FOR  
US BULLETS ?

NO FAIR !  
I HAD LOCO  
PICKED OUT FOR  
WHELFSP !



WELL, ROBIN, WE  
KEPT OUR PROMISE  
TO EACH OTHER.  
Bugs and he  
falls will spend a  
long time in  
prison.

NOT GUYS, BATMAN?  
THAT WOULD DENT  
GET ATTENTION SOON  
ENOUGH? INFECTION  
HAS SET IN AND HE  
CAN'T LIVE MORE  
THAN A DAY OR TWO  
AT THE MOST!

THAT'S WHY I RUSHED  
SENDING A MESSAGE?  
IF BUGS DIED THE OTHERS  
WERE GOING TO KILL MY  
DAUGHTER AND ME?  
WE WOULDN'T HAVE HAD  
A CHANCE IF YOU HADN'T  
COME ALONG!

IT WAS ROBIN WHO  
CAME ALONE FIRST—  
AND I THINK I  
KNOW NOW HE WANTED  
TO BE ON THE SIDE  
WHEN THE FIGHTING  
STARTED!

YOU'RE  
WONDERFUL,  
MARVELLOUS—  
SIMPLY  
GRAND! I  
AD OTHER  
BOY IN THE  
WORLD IS  
LIKE YOU!  
MOM, I  
NEVER  
SEE YOU  
AGAIN!

WELL, MAM—  
BUT  
DON'T  
WORRY—  
DICK  
GRAYSON  
IS A GRAND  
KID, TOO!

MONDAY MORNING—AND TIME  
FOR SCHOOL AGAIN.

LOOK—  
I'VE GOT  
THE HAND  
OF IT  
NOW!

"OH, SNICKY!  
AFTER SEE NO  
WHAT ROBIN  
CAN DO, THAT  
SEEMS SO  
JUVENILE!"

MARJORIE,  
YOU'VE CHANGED!  
YOU SEEM  
DIFFERENT!  
DON'T YOU  
DON'T YOU  
LIKE ME  
ANY MORE?

OF COURSE I  
DO! YOU  
DISAPPOINTED  
THAT MY DAD  
WROTE  
IN LATIN AND  
SENT ROBIN TO  
RESCUE ME!  
AND I LIKE YOU  
BECAUSE YOU'RE  
GOING TO DO ME A  
VERY IMPORTANT FAVOR.

YOU'RE GOING TO  
ACCOMPANY ME  
TO VISIT ROBIN  
AGAIN—OR ELSE  
I'LL REALLY STOP  
LIKING YOU!

BUT ROBIN IS—  
WELL—ER, HE'S  
PRETTY BUSY.  
YOU KNOW.

MARJORIE, WILL YOU TELL  
THE NATURAL HISTORY  
CLASS WHICH IS THE  
BEST LOVED OF OUR  
AMERICAN BIRDS?

A FINE  
THING?  
I'M  
MY  
OWN  
RIVAL—  
AND I  
CAN'T DO  
A THING  
ABOUT IT!

**SEN SATION**  
S9M1SS



# Detective COMICS



**ADVENTURE COMICS**



**FLASH**  
COMICS



FOLLOW  
**BATMAN**  
AND ROBIN  
EVERY MONTH  
IN  
DETECTIVE COMICS

**ACTION**  
COMICS



**FOAM**



**Adventure**  
COMICS



**Star Spangled**  
COMICS



DC  
SUPERMAN  
PUBLICATIONS

NOW ON SALE

EVERWHERE

DC  
SUPERMAN  
PUBLICATIONS



"Stick around fellas—this ought to be good—Spike doesn't know that Pee Wee has been eating Wheaties!"

SMART BOY, PEE WEE, HE KNOWS THAT A FAVORITE TRAINING DISH OF MANY STAR-PERFORMERS IS MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

YOU GET MIGHTY IMPORTANT NOURISHMENT IN A MAN-SIZED BOWL OF WHEATIES. ESSENTIAL NOURISHMENT PACKED IN BIG, GOLDEN FLAKES THAT ARE ROASTED AND TOASTED AND DELICIOUSLY

FLAVORED WITH RICH MALT SYRUP. SMART EATING AND SWELL TASTING...THAT'S MILK, FRUIT, AND WHEATIES, "BREAKFAST OF CHAMPIONS."

HEY, LOOK! SPECIAL OFFER GOOD ONLY WHILE OUR LIMITED SUPPLIES LAST. GET HANDSOME MECHANICAL PENCIL SHAPED LIKE BIG LEAGUE BASEBALL BAT... STREAMLINE CURVED TO FIT YOUR FINGERS. SEND 10¢ AND ONE WHEATIES BOX TOP TO GENERAL MILLS, INC., DEPT 644, MINNEAPOLIS 15, MINN AND SEND TODAY.



"Breakfast of Champions"

WITH MILK AND FRUIT

"Wheaties" and "Breakfast of Champions" are registered trademarks of General Mills, Inc.  
© 1954 by General Mills, Inc.

POLKOS, HERES A NEW MOTION ON VICTORY BULLETS THAT YOU WANT TO THROW YOUR EDITION BOOKS DOWN! LISTEN! --



# PARROT DISEASE

ANDY REALLY BROKE TD TOWN! (UR DOMINATE) ON THIS NUMBERED AND IT EXPLAINS MY DIRECTIONS TO PARROT DISEASE WELL BEST WITH LUNCH WITH THE CURRENT DOCUMENT EVER PRODUCED. FOLLOW DIRECTIONS CAREFULLY! -- P. ED.

FIRST - AND THIS IS OF THE GREATEST IMPORTANCE, TURN THE SWEAT DOME GARDEN GROWING LEAVES SIDE OUT, OR AS WE SAY AT POLKOUTVILLE POLICE, EDITIONS UP!



NEXT - AS SOON AS PARROT SEEDS HAVE COOLED, PLANT THEM ONE HOLE BELOW THE SWEATDOM BOWL, AND THIS IS MOST (IMPORTANT TOU) SIX INCHES APART.



NEXT - (AND HERES THE PAY-OFF, INSERT EXACTLY TEN DOZEN DESTROYING JARS (UPSIDE DOWN,) DIRECTLY ABOVE SEEDS...

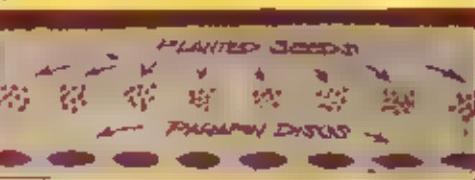


RESULT - THE VEGETABLES WILL GROW STRAIGHT UP INTO THE DESTROYING JARS - THE PARROT DISSES DRAWN UP BY THE HEAT OF THE SUN WILL END THE JARS AND FRUIT - THE STALKS OF THE PLANTS WILL FORCE THE ENTIRE CROP UP HIGH HIGH FOR CUTTING AND LASTLY - YOU KNOW MORELY TOP THE JARS FOR STORAGE. THE END (IT WILL BE OVER FOR DINNER.)

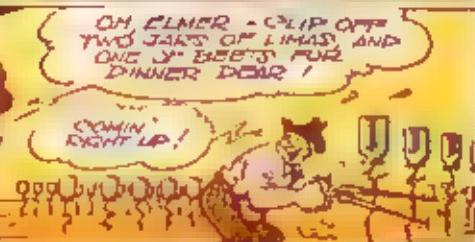
THEN, WHILE THE SOIL IS STILL SOFT & LIMP, FRESH TEN EXTRA PARROT POTATO CHIPS (LUMPS,) NEED FLAKELY BROWNED --



NOW WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE. NEXT PLANT SEEDS AS SHOWN ONCE AGAIN TOMORROW - WHICH IS JULY ELEVEN THIS PLANT IS TO MAKE THESE PARROT DISSES



NOW JUST LOOK ON YOUR PERCH FOR THE REST OF THE SEASON, AND JUST LET NATURE TAKE ITS COURSE!



## Adventures of ALFRED

## ALFRED

WHEN CRIME BECOMES A COURSE ON A WEEK-END MENU, ALFRED SERVES UP A SQUIFFLE OF SUPER-SLEUTHING AS HE ABANDONS HIS RELUCTANT ROLE OF ...

**"BORROWED BUTLER!"**

BY KURT

A FRIDAY AFTERNOON IN THE WAYNE HOUSEHOLD.

MISTER ALFRED--  
I WAS WONDER-  
ING-- THAT IS--  
WOULD YOU  
MIND DOING ME  
A FAVOR?

A FAVOR, SIR?  
WHY, MOST  
ASSUREDLY!  
SOME PROBLEM  
IN SLEUTHING  
THAT REQUIRES MY  
SERVICES, PERHAPS?

WELL--UM--NOT EXACTLY, ALFRED, OLD  
FELLOW. YOU SEE-- I'M UNDER  
AN OBLIGATION TO  
OUR NEIGHBOR,  
MRS. VAN UPSTART,  
AND...



MISTER  
BRUCE, SIR--  
IS THIS TRUE?  
AM I TO BE  
BORROWED  
OUT?

NOW, ALFRED--  
YOU DON'T HAVE TO  
PUT IT LIKE THAT!  
YOU SEE, SHE HAS  
WEEK-END GUESTS  
COMING AND HER  
BUTLER IS ILL...  
AND...

WELL, SIR--  
SINCE WE CAN'T  
GET OUT OF IT,  
I PRESUME I  
MUST DO

GOOD  
SOLDIER,  
ALFRED! I  
KNEW YOU'D  
DO IT!



SO LATER, WE FIND ALFRED UNHAPPY AND RELUCTANT ALFRED RECEIVING FULL INSTRUCTIONS IN THE NEARBY HOME OF MRS. VAN LIPSTICK.

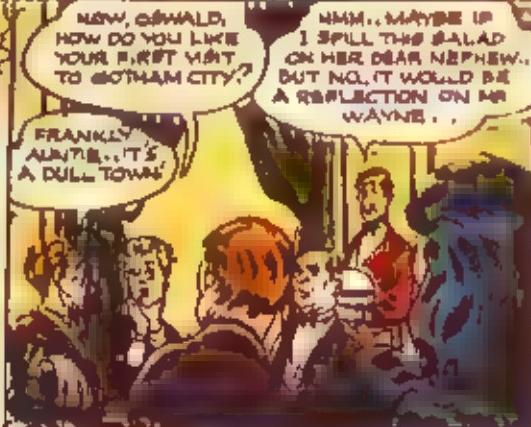
ALFRED, THIS DINNER FOR MY VISITING NEPHEW OSWALD MUST GO SMOOTHLY. THERE ARE ONLY TWELVE COURSES; YOU WON'T BE OVERWORKED. AND NOW, I MUST RETURN TO THE DINING ROOM...

BAM...BL... I MEAN ABSOLUTELY!

NOW, OSWALD, HOW DO YOU LIKE YOUR FIRST VISIT TO GOTHAM CITY?

FRANKLY, AUNTIE... IT'S A DULL TOWN!

MMH.. MAYBE IF I SPILL THIS SALAD ON HER DEAR NEPHEW.. BUT NO, IT WOULD BE A REFLECTION ON MR WAYNE...



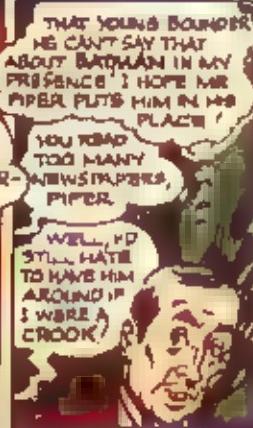
WHAT? DULL? NOT WITH THE CELEBRATED BATMAN AROUND! THAT FELLOW IS TERRIFIC! EVERY DAY...

OH, YES, SIR. THE BATMAN IS...

ALFRED, YOU WILL SPEAK WHEN YOU'RE SPOKEN TO.

SEE THAT IT DOESN'T HAPPEN AGAIN!

THAT YOUNG BOUNDER HE CAN'T SAY THAT ABOUT BATMAN IN MY PRESENCE! I HOPE MR. PIPER PUTS HIM IN HIS PLACE!



NONSENSE! BATMAN IS ONLY AN ORDINARY... YOW!!

THIS IS THE LAST STRAW... OOPS.. BEG PARDON, SIR!

ALFRED, YOU CLUMSY FOOL!

MY FINGERS... THAT MATCH BURNED THEM! OWOWOW!

HOW COULD YOU DO SUCH A THING, ALFRED? OSWALD, THERE'S SOME TANNIC ACID OINTMENT IN THE MEDICINE CHEST THAT'LL SOOTHE YOUR HANDS...





DONNING A ROBE, ALFRED HASTENS  
DOWNSTAIRS, TO FIND...



SOMETIME LATER, AS ALFRED TALKS  
THINGS OVER WITH THE COOK...



DEAR ME. THESE MUST BE  
WHAT THE BURGLAR USED  
TO CUT THE BURGLAR ALARM.  
BUT WAIT. WHAT'S THIS GREASE  
ON THEM... WHY, WHY IT SMELLS  
LIKE TANNIC ACID  
OINTMENT —  
GRACIOUS!

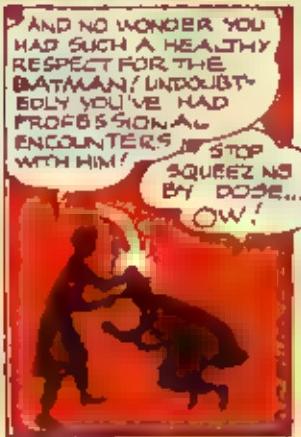
SO IT WAS OSWALD.  
I MUST WARN BUT NO.  
MADAME IS IN NO CON-  
DITION AH, I'LL TELL  
MR. PIPER—HE SHOULD  
BE A MAN OF SOUND  
JUDGMENT AH, THERE  
HE IS... JUST LEAVING...

WHAT IS IT,  
ALFRED? I WAS  
JUST LEAVING TO  
ENGAGE A PRIVATE  
DETECTIVE TO  
LOOK INTO THIS  
THREAT, THE  
POLICE DONT SEEM TO...

ER... I'M  
SOMETHING  
OF A SLEUTH  
MYSELF, SIR.  
I KNOW  
BUT WHEN  
I SEE IT AND I  
WANT TO WARN  
YOU...



BATMAN COMICS



# ACCIDENTS WILL HAPPEN

by Tod Lowry

THEY had been here a whole week now, the two of them. It was a beautiful time of the year to visit this part of the country, and the mountain climbing season was in full swing. Behind the Van Dyke and the altered nose, Hardy plotted the murder of Canby. Or, you might say, it wasn't really being plotted. That had been done months ago. All that remained now was the execution.

Sitting at his usual table in the bar, Hardy looked out at the high peak of Mt. Colony. To look at Hardy, it would be difficult to imagine him a murderer. He looked more like a professor, or a lecturer—or is there any difference?—than a man who had the blood of many victims on his hands. But Hardy was a dealer in death. He was a spy and he sold his knowledge to the highest bidder. War, oddly enough did not interest Hardy personally. They were only business to him.

But he personally was interested in Canby. Why? Because Canby was a high-ranking diplomat who carried locked within a shrewd brain, secrets worth a king's ransom or a country's freedom? No, not that. Canby was a spy, too, a prince among espionage agents. And it was because of Canby that Hardy had lost the only woman he had ever loved, Michele. She had been his most trusted agent, and his most assured source of revenue.

Michele! As Hardy thought of her, his fingers tightened around the whisky glass, tightened until the knuckles were white.

The glass snapped. Hardy recovered himself, quickly dabbed at the small wet spot with his napkin. Fortunately, his hands

had not been cut. A waiter hurried over, cleaned up the spot, then hustled away and came again with a fresh drink. "Sorry," Hardy said. "It was very clumsy of me."

The waiter smiled. "Accidents will happen, Mr. White," he said. His eyes looked at the old-fashioned cuckoo clock. "I guess Mr. Canby will be down any minute. Incidentally, the cook has packed your luncheon. It's quite a climb up old Colony, you know."

Hardy said he knew it well. The waiter walked away.

Michael Hardy thought of her again. He wasn't trying this time, as he had so often in the past, to keep from his memory the scene that had been related to him. The bare white wall, the rising hall of red sun, its fiery shafts glinting on rifle barrels levelled at a final figure.

Michele! Dead. She would never have been caught had not Canby tipped off the military. It had taken time, years, to find out who had been responsible. He had known all along Michele couldn't possibly have slipped up. She had been too experienced, too wise in the way of treachery.

And then, slowly, over so slowly, the information had begun to trickle in. A little gossip in Vienna, some talk in London, an idle thought in Moscow . . . Canby . . . Canby . . . Canby . . . he had done it.

And now, today, Canby would pay.

Hardy smiled, said: "Good morning, Professor Canby. I was afraid you were going to call off our date."

"Nonsense." Canby was small, with a high forehead, intelligent eyes. He really liked mountain climbing. For a week he had

been trying to get a party together to scale Mt. Colony. He had done it three times before. But this present group of vacationers were amateurs; they had shied away from the perilous heights of the majestic mountain.

Then, he had met this man called White, who had been a bit timorous at first. Together they had done some climbing, enough for him, Canby the expert to see that the man could climb Colony. It wouldn't be a real vacation without going up again.

They had discussed it last night in the bar. And White had agreed to make the trip. Of course, Canby thought now, the man was a little afraid. He had sensed it in the way he had tried to make a joke. "Don't forget, Professor, I've got a lot of employees depending on me. It's alright getting up, but I want to make sure I come down. The right way."

Canby had laughed and said: "Don't worry, Mr. White. I'll take care of you."

He meant it too. The White would be worth cultivating. He was an oil man who had an interest in shipyards. Already, through the strange channels through which spy news travels, news of England's entry into the war was filtering. It was only a matter of weeks now, instead of months. And a man who built ships might prove very useful.

Canby watched smugly as White rose from his seat. Why, the man's hands were actually shaking!

"You're sure you want to go up?" Canby asked, half-hoping for a refusal. A scared man never got far on a mountain climb. It was foolish to go out with one, all the people

positions would have been for naught.

"More than anything in the world," Hardy said.

"Let's go then," Canby said.

They said goodbye to the waiter and the bartender. In the early morning stillness of the room, their climbing boots as they walked across the rough board floor sounded like marching feet.

Kaspeaks were packed and waiting for them. The pack and the rope were alongside them. Canby immediately assumed command.

The sun was only a thin sliver of red, yawning and stretching itself lazily in the East as they reached the foot of the mountains. The air was sharp and bracing.

"We picked a wonderful day for the climb," Canby said happily. "We couldn't have picked a better." He smiled. "By lunch time, we'll be up top looking down on these mortals below."

Hardy said nothing. He felt that he couldn't trust himself to speak. His single glance at the sun had rushed back into his mind thoughts of Michael. Her hair had been red as that sun over—and so had her blood!

He blinked his eyes to wipe out the murder in them. He had waited a long time for this, nothing nothing nothing must prevent the murder that was to be.

Everything had been set in place like the parts in a perfect Swiss watch. Everything would go off just as smoothly, Hardy knew. It would go off the way he had planned it. There would be no hitch. Two men would go up the mountainside. Only one man would return.

And that man would be Hardy.

In his mind's eye, Hardy pictured himself coming down. His face would be white he would be breathless, his hands would be cut and bleeding and his clothing would be torn. People would say that a man as fright-

ened as he, coming down alive after such a tragedy, must have been touched with the devil's own luck.

And he would say "I slipped, and poor Canby tried to grab me. He managed to get my collar pul, me to safety. And then, he slipped and went over!"

A hero! It would leave Canby a hero? Why not? After all, heroes were a dime a dozen. And when a man performs a heroic act to save the life of his friend, the authorities are not suspicious; they do not question too closely. Hardy smiled grimly. The gendarmes would shrug and say: "Mountain climbing Accidents will happen, M'sieu. They cannot be helped. It is Fate."

Well, he, Hardy, was going to help Fate along that's more.

Such were the thoughts that buoyed him up all during the long, agonizing climb, a climb in which he studied Canby's back, a climb on which he reflected the latter's murder. He grunted when, nearing the top, Canby shouted over the wind: "You're doing fine. While I'll make a real climber out of you yet." He was feeling exhilarated in the fine, sharp air.

And then at last they were there. They stretched out for a moment, because they were spent and tired. Hardy was the last to get up, not because he was the weaker of the two (if only Canby knew how many mountains he, Hardy had climbed those past few years in preparation for this moment!), but because he wanted to think. This was the last part to be put into motion, the last previous part.

Now, still roped, they stood beside each other, two murderers who preferred to be known as business men, dealers in secrets and looked at the magnificent view. Below them chalets like tiny doll houses, dotted the green landscape.

Canby drank in deep draughts of the close, sharp air. The sun was high and bright. "It's beautiful, isn't it, while,

beautiful. It makes you happy to be alive."

He did not notice that Hardy had stepped behind him and slipped from the safety rope. Hardy wanted no mistake on balance. The balance of murder had to be in his power!

Hardy was surprised to find his body trembling. He said "She would have loved it. She loved life, too."

Canby turned, his eyes puzzled. "She Who?"

"Michael!" Hardy snapped and murder leaped from his eyes.

Canby's arms thrust out defiantly. Hardy had not counted on Canby's over-normal intelligence.

"You're Hardy!" Canby gasped as the farmer's strong hands clutched his throat. He struggled in desperation, wild fury and for a moment Hardy took another step back.

But this was his moment of fury, his moment of anger, his time of revenge. This was his murderer and he would not be cheated of it! A roar came from his throat and all the pent up venom of years coursed through his body, turned it into a projectile of iron, a juggernaut of death, a strength no power on earth could at this moment withstand.

A scream burst from Canby's throat as his body hurtled through space, arrowed toward a peaceful valley 15,000 feet below a valley that all too soon would be torn and bleeding and resound to the rumble of guns and the marching of men. The scream echoed through the high spaces of the valley swallowing up, absorbing every other sound. Even the other scream, the one that came from the throat of Hardy as his frantic fingers clutched at the rope which had wound itself taut around his ankle, the rope into which he had stepped, and whose other end was around the falling body of Canby.

"Accidents will happen," the gendarmes, viewing the shattered bodies, said later. "It is Fate."

# BATMAN

WITH  
**ROBIN**

A POLICE DIVISION STORY

If it's trouble you're looking for, join the Royal Canadian Mounted Police's courageous and resourceful, these colorful red-coated lawmen patrol a beat larger than any other in the world... from the blue Pacific to the stormy Atlantic. From the great lakes to the far frozen Arctic! And their motto—"The Mounties always get the man!"—is no idle slogan, as Batman and Robin swiftly learn when they team up with the police force of the northern wilderness to trap a shrewd and remorseless band of...

• POST PUBLISHERS •



# BATMAN COMICS

ON VACATION IN CANADA'S REMOTE NORTHEAST TERRITORIES, NEAR HUDSON BAY TWO FAMILIAR FIGURES TRACK THE FLEET CAR-BOU-SOC CITY PLAYBOY BRUCE WAYNE AND HIS YOUNG WARD, DICK GRAYSON...

IT CERTAINLY IS A RELIEF TO GET AWAY FROM THE NOISY CITY AND CROOK-CHASING!

YOU SAID IT, BRUCE! NOW IF WE CAN ONLY FIND SOMETHING TO HUNT!

SUDDENLY...  
ARF! ARF!  
NO, YOU DON'T!  
GET HIM, YOU  
MUGGOS!

SOMETHIN' NEW  
DOESN'T  
HED BETTER  
NEXT DAY?

WHAT-?

THE MUTTS STOPPED TO FIGHT OVER THE MEAT WE THREW 'EM LIKE THE BOSS SAID THEY WOULD!

HOW KAWD TH'S CHUMP AND GRAB THE BURGER!

A HOLDUP—  
HERE IN THE  
NORTHWOODS?  
C'MON DICKS!



SPLIT SECONDS LATER, DOUBLE DISASTER STRIKES THE GANG AS BATMAN AND ROBIN SPRING INTO ACTION!

YOW!  
LOOK WHO'S HEREF OUTA MY WAY!

DON'T BREAK IT UP,  
KATE! LEAVE THAT  
TO US!

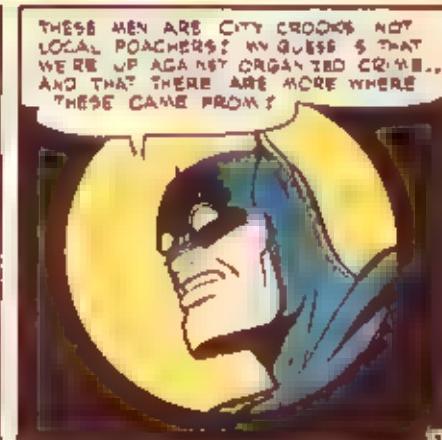
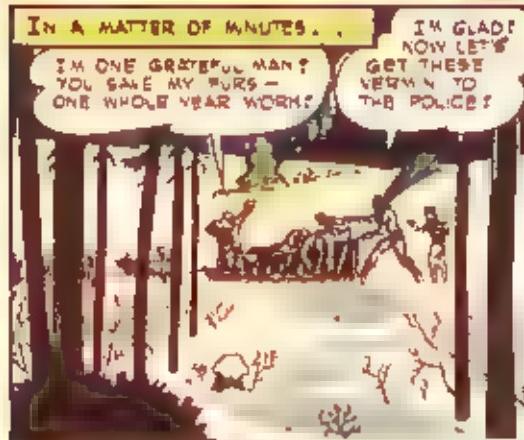
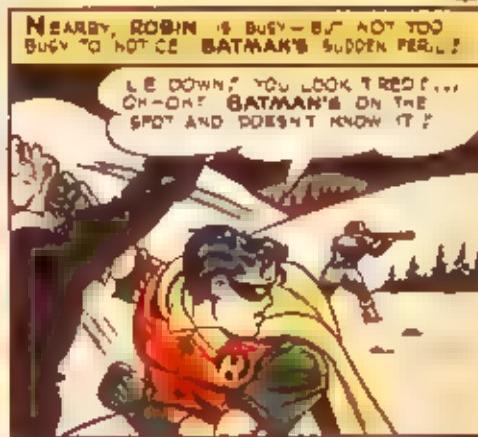
THERE OUGHTA BE A LAW  
MAKIN' YOU GUYS STAY  
IN THE C'TY, WHERE  
YOU BELONG!, COOOF

LOOKS LIKE WE'RE NEEDED  
EVERWHERE!



WE'VE GOT HIM OUTNUMBERED,  
BOYS! LET'S FINISH HIM!





A SHREWD GLEE, BATMAN! FOR, NOT FAR AWAY HUNTER BORN—A NOTORIOUS GANG LEADER FROM THE STATES—COMES WITH SOME OF HIS HENCHMEN!

BOY THIS WAS A GREAT DAY OF YOURS SKINNER, COMING UP HERE TO PULL JOBSITE IT'S BETTER CITY STUFF.

NATURALLY THERE'S A LOT LIKE FRESH AIR AND LOTS OF DOUGH—AND NO BATMAN GOING AROUND TO MAKE TROUBLE!

T-256 LOCAL VOLKELA KNOCKED OVER 25 OUT TRAPPING BEAVERS ALL YEAR, AND ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS JUMP IN WITH OUR MODERN CRIME METHODS AND GRAB OFF THE BELTS!

WEANT WE CAN GET ROD WERE DOD GO BACK TO THE STATES TO SPEND THE WINTER. TAKE ME NOW THIS JOB THE PLAIN NO, FOR INSTANCE, MUSTN'T CLOSE.

SHORTLY AFTER, AT ROYAL CANADIAN MOUNTED POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

MUCH OBVIOUS, BATMAN! THOSE CROOKS YOU BROUGHT IN MUST BE PART OF THE BIG GANG OF FIRE ROBBERS THAT'S FREEING ON THIS TERRITORY!

THERE'S A MESSAGE COMING IN OVER THE RADIOS SERGEANT ANTHONY ROBERT GOING ON?

A NUMBER OF TRAPPERS TRAVELING TOGETHER FOR SAFETY ARE BEING ATTACKED NEAR APPROXIMATELY 100 MILES FROM THE MARKET. SEND REINFORCEMENTS QU'CKLY!

THAT'S THIRTY MILES AWAY? WE'D BETTER HURRY! CARE TO COME ALONG, GENTLE?

YOU BET!

THE MOUNTIES USE HORSES, DON'T THEY? THEM HOWL! THEY GO THIRTY MILES IN TIME TO STOP THAT ROBBERY!

YOU'LL SEE IN A MINUTES

COME ON MEN!

RCMP

MOMENTS LATER...

I GET IT—THE MOUNTIES AREN'T ALWAYS MOUNTED?

BIGT ROBIN! THEY STILL USE HORSES—BUT THEY ALSO USE EVERY DEVICE KNOWN TO SILENCE TO COMBAT CRIME!



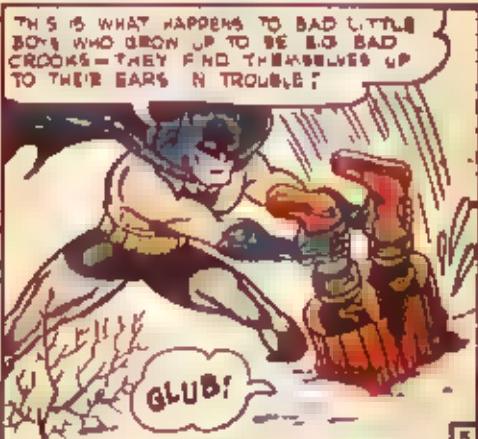
# BATMAN COMICS

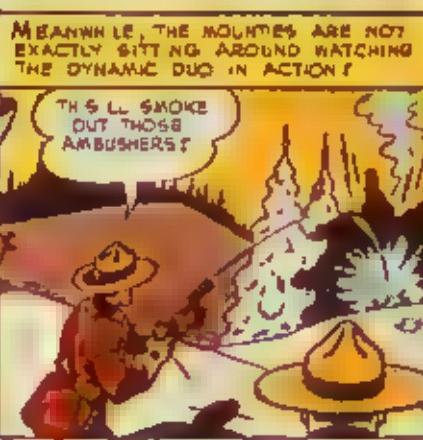
AT THREE MILES A MINUTE, THE FROZEN ARCTIC WASTELAND SWIRLS SKINS BEHIND THEM. AND IN TEN MINUTES...

LOOK AT THAT BATMAN! THEY'RE USING AROSLEDES!

HERE'S ONE WAY TO STOP AN AEROCART HEAVY—

HOT? I STOP THEIR PROPELLERS!





THEN, A LONG DADEVIL LEAP  
THROUGH SPACE .



A POWERFUL, FRANTIC TWIST OF THE  
STEERING WHEEL AND ...



AND THE TRAPPERS CONTRIBUTE THE  
EXPERT MARKSMANSHIP OF MEN BORN  
TO HUNTING !



OUT OF MY WAY, RATST IF I'M NOT  
IN TIME TO SAVE ROBIN ! ! !



IN THE MEANTIME, THE STREAM RED  
RED-COATED POLICE FORCE HAS BEEN  
OPERATING WITH DEADLY PRECISION,  
SHAPING THE SIX STRUTS WITH  
UNERRING BULLETS !



AND SOON, THE GANG IS ROUNDED UP IN  
UTTER DEFEAT !

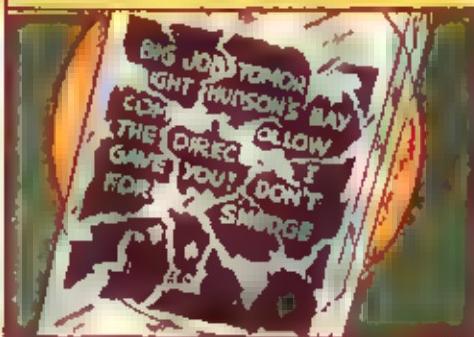




LATER, AT THE CRYNOLOGICAL LABORATORY IN THE M.I.6 HEADQUARTERS, ULTRA-VIOLET RAYS ARE USED TO BRING OUT THE INK ON THE BURNED PAPER!



GLOWING BENEATH THE BOMBARDMENT OF LIGHT, WORDS SOON APPEAR ON THE BLACKENED CHARBERS - A FRAGMENTARY MESSAGE, BUT A VITAL ONE!



THEY'RE GETTING READY TO ROB THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY! BUT WHICH ONE? THE COMPANY HAS A NUMBER OF POSTS! AND WHAT DOES THAT "SMUDGE" MEAN?



NEAT NIGHT, AT ONE OF THE EXPORT POSTS OF THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY...



MOMENTS LATER BLOWING CLOUDS OF SMOKE BRING EMPLOYEES OF THE COMPANY RUSHING TO INVESTIGATE.



VERY INGENIOUS, SKINNER! BUT THERE'S A MAN YOU HAVEN'T TAKEN INTO ACCOUNT—A MAN WITH A SCARLET TUNIC IN A LOOKOUT TOWER ON A HILLTOP, SOME MILES AWAY . . .



AND ON LAND, HALF-TRACK FIRE TRUCKS RUMBLE UP, SWIFT AND POWERFUL VEHICLES THAT CAN CRASH THROUGH THE THICKEST FORESTS AND DEEPEST SNOW DRIFTS!



OKAY BOSS! THEY'RE LOCKED INSIDE WHERE THEY CAN'T BOTHER US ANY TIME WE'RE PUMPING US PRETTY CLEVER HUNT!



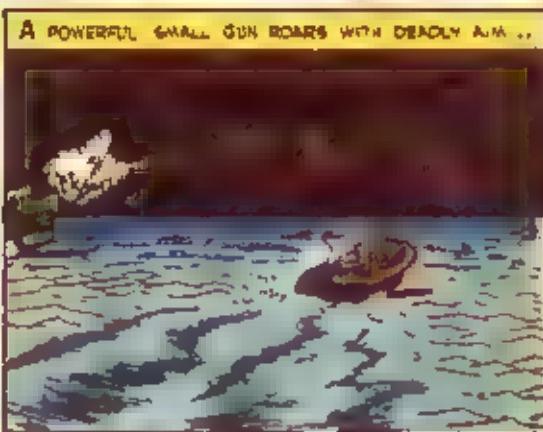
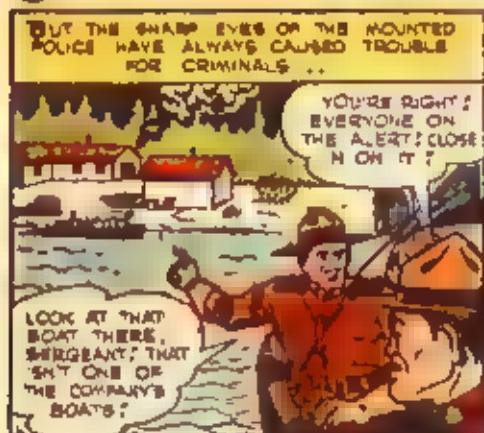
TELECODE CRACKLES THRO' THE ETHER . . . AND IN A SHORT WHILE, FREIGHTERS SHIP IN FROM SEAWARD!



MEANTIME . . .

HEY SKINNERS! THE MOUNTIES ARE COMIN' AT US WITH FREIGHTERS AND TRUCKS! WELL SKY OUT OF HERE SO FAST THEY WON'T EVEN KNOW WE'RE GONE!





AS THE BOY WONDER HITS THE WATER, THE SPLASH ATTRACTS A RAVENOUS WALRUS, ROAMING THE BAY FOR FOOD...

UNLUCK I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST—

OH, BOY AM I IN A SPOT;  
I CAN'T SWIM FASTER THAN THE WALRUS...  
AND BATMAN IS TOO BUSY TO HELP ME!

INSTANTS LATER, THE FLEET SPEED-BOAT BEARS DOWN ON THE IMPERILED ROBIN... AND...

GULP. A LITTLE MORE OF THIS AND MY HAIR'LL TURN GRAY— I WAS AFRAID I AND AT MY AGE! WOULDN'T MAKE IT IN TIME!



MEANWHILE, THE RESOURCES MOUNTIES—THOUGH HANDICAPPED BY THEIR LUMBERING CRAFT—HAVE FIGURED OUT A WAY TO THOROUGHLY SUBDUCE THE GREEDY PIRATES!

SLURRY—HELP? WE SURRENDER!



AND SO, LATER, AFTER THE CRIMINALS HAVE BEEN LANDED AND JAILED...

SORRY YOU CAN'T STAY; WE SURE COULD USE YOU TWO ON THE FORCE!

COMING FROM A MOUNTIE, THAT'S A REAL COMPLIMENT!

MAYBE IT'S JUST AS WELL WE CAN'T IMAGINE BATMAN AND ROBIN IN THOSE RED COATS AND SOLDIER HATS!



AND PRESENTLY, BACK IN GOTHAM CITY...

THIS IS SOME PLACE TO WIND UP A VACATION... AFTER HUNTING CARIBOU IN CANADA!

AT LEAST WE KNOW WE CAN FIRE A FEW SHOTS WITHOUT ANY INTERRUPTIONS!



# YOU FELLERS

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO  
EARN MONEY AND PRIZES



Uncle Sam needs your help in winning this war. You can do your share by obtaining War Stamps. Send me the coupon on the bottom of this page and learn how you can earn War Stamps and prizes by delivering Collier's to regular customers whom you obtain in your neighborhood.

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You Can Win These  
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**TO START** WRITE JIM THAYER, CADWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO., SPRINGFIELD, OHIO

**FILL OUT - MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY**

Mr. Jim Thayer 1917-31

Cadwell-Collier Publishing Co.

Springfield, Ohio

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Name \_\_\_\_\_ Age \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

# The 97 Pound Weakling

—Who became "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

"I'll Prove that YOU too can be a NEW MAN!"

Charles Atlas

I KNOW, myself, what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs. I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

Then I discovered "Dynamic Tension". It gave me a body that won for me the title "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

When I say I can make you over into a man of giant power and energy, I know what I'm talking about. I've seen my new system, "Dynamic Tension," transform hundreds of weak, puny men into Atlas Champions.

## Only 15 Minutes a Day

Do you want big, broad shoulders—a fine, powerful chest—biceps like steel—arms and legs rippling with muscular strength—a stomach ridged with bands of snowy muscle—and a build you can be proud of? Then just give me the opportunity to prove that "Dynamic Tension" is what you need.

No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, plebeian? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely NATURAL method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it's actually fun! "Dynamic Tension" does the work.

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 326P  
115 East 23rd Street  
New York 16, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of "Dynamic Tension" will help make a New Man of me—giving me a healthy, bushy beard and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Evaluating Health and Strength."

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
(Please print or write plainly)

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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 Check here if under 18 for Booklet A

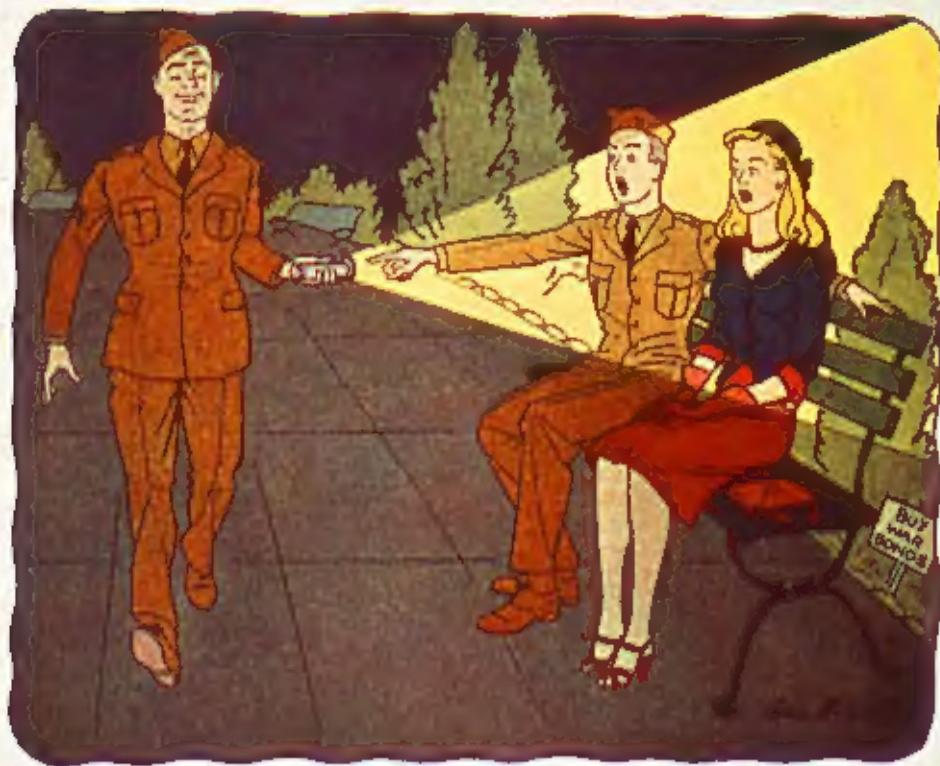


CHARLES ATLAS  
Holder of title,  
"The World's Most  
Perfectly Developed  
Man."

## Send for FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Evaluating Health and Strength." Tells all about my "Dynamic Tension" method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally, CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 326P 115 East 23rd St., New York 16, N. Y.

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